

GRUNT 2

This is the second issue of GRUNT, the magazine of Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon, c/o Larry Ivie, 31 West 76th Street, New York, New York, 10023. GRUNT #2 is a rider with MINAC, and a QWERTYUIO*PresS* Publication. The first ten copies of GRUNT #2 were printed on live chickens, and must be returned.

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MY LIFE AND WILD TIMES
WITH TED E. WHITE:

I've been meaning to write something about Ted White's impact upon me for some time now. This is not only because Ted has appointed me his official biographer, but also because I feel that fandom is now ready for the Truth about him.

I was quite pleasantly surprised upon meeting Ted White. I had no idea what to expect, except that I'd often read that he was Bitchy.

He wasn't. He was big and fat, with a huge round bald head. I was surprised. "Of course," I said to Ted, "I've never seen you with your clothes off."

"I'm not wearing any clothes," said Ted. "I lost them all this summer."

But he doesn't look it. I am sure he is wearing clothes.

On the other hand, he really is a nice guy. If I were to sum up Ted White in a few words, I'd say that he wears a rubber mask most of the time. He has promised to take it off at the next Fanoclast meeting, however, and a large party from New Jersey is boating over for the occasion.

Well, that's "My Life And Wild Times With Ted E. White" for this issue.

MY LIFE AND WILD TIMES
WITH SANDI WHITE:

Tuesdays are my days off from my new job at the Strand Book Store, and so far they have without exception been spent in the company of Ted and/or Sandi White. Two weeks ago Ted and I visited the Statue of Liberty. Last week we took the Subway Tour (see FANAC 94). This week Ted had to drive down to Virginia to get his car inspected, so Sandi and I went horseback riding.

When I was about ten years old I spent a summer at my Uncle Frank's Farm in Wisconsin. My Uncle Frank, who is now a used-car dealer, had a huge house on a huge farm, and he had horses. I can remember getting up early in the morning, before any of the other kids (oh, and there were a lot of other kids, too -- I have enough cousins on my mother's side alone to replace the entire membership of FAPA and make a good dent in the waitlist, although I am certainly not suggesting such a procedure), I remember going out to the shed, getting down a saddle and a bunch of other riding crap like that, putting it all on a horse and trotting off. I would ride over the little green hills and around the lake and feel all warm and alive.

That was eleven years ago.

After riding for about ten feet on the back of a large horse-like animal last Tuesday, I suddenly realized that although you cannot forget how to ride a bicycle or how to swim, you can forget how to ride a horse. I bounced up and down quite sharply, giving a little spontaneous "Oof!" now and then (only very quietly, so that Sandi would not say, "Hey, greenhorn, you look like a Silo" or some horse insult like that). It costs \$3.00 an hour to ride a horse in Prospect Park in Brooklyn; what is even more amusing is that they are fitted out with what is known (around horses) as "English gear," which means that the saddles lack those little handles in front that you can grab if you feel yourself shooting off into the air.

Well, it was fun, anyway, and we will probably do it again, because the horse boy who showed us where the trails were also rounded us up about twenty minutes early. "Hey," I said, as we rode back to the Stable, or Manger, or whatever you call it, "that was no hour."

"Ho," he said. He thought it over. "Well, you can go back on the Trails now, or you can take it the next time you come."

I hate to admit this, Sandi, but the only thing I wanted to do right at that minute was get the hell off that horse. I said, heh, we will come back soon and use up the extra twenty minutes.

Sandi didn't seem to mind; she hadn't ridden a horse for over a year, and she really looked funny dragging by one leg from the stirrup on the way back.

But I am all hot to go horseback riding again, already. Next time I may even hold the horse's neck a little looser with my arms.

EGOBOO FROM CALVIN DEMMON TO NEW YORK FANDOM: Since arriving in New York, we have been treated Just Swell by fans here. Esther Davis and Henry Dupree have had us over for dinner more than once. Larry Ivie has provided us with a place to stay. Terry Carr has called us a "Fart." Marlin Frenzel has found us a job. And Ted and Sandi White --- well, Ted and Sandi White have fed us and helped us recover from serious drinking activity and shown us the sights and talked to us and made us feel so great that right now we are being sickeningly kissy.

New York fans are Damn Good. This has been an unsolicited plug for New York Fandom by Calvin W. "Biff" Demmon.

OBSERVATIONS ABOUT NEW YORK CITY (SERCON): There are several things about New York City which you notice right away; others you find out from the Natives, who are always glad to tell you a bunch of lies about anything. I wrote some of these in a letter to my mother recently, and she wrote back immediately, "My God? Come home at once." Anyway: New York is filthy. You get your nose filled up with dirt fast here. You get cinders in your eyes all the time. You get dirt under your fingernails if you just take your hand out of your pocket. Dust settles on furniture faster than you can say, "Hey, there is dust settling on that furniture." * You can buy a hot potato knish for fifteen cents. I have a "California accent." The schedules on the box offices of movie theatres are always wrong. Two or three dirty bums will accost you each day and say, "Listen..." followed by a plea for from seven to fifty cents. "Hot Dogs" are called "Frankfurters." If you don't take your dog off the sidewalk for bathroom purposes it will cost you \$25. And the East River is in reality not a river at all, but a beautiful woman. * And that's "New York" for this issue.